



WHAT TO TELL THE PSYCHIATRIST COMES

Once upon a time at the University of Virginia there was a good-natured, oddy enough, Virginia University who was handsome and kindly and intelligent and ingeniously constructed and majoring in psychology. Virginia went steady with a young man—no name named, oddy enough, Oddly Enough who was simple and fair and like and innocent and majoring in physics.

Virginia and Oddly enjoyed a romance that was so idyllic as a romance day, so placid as a sunset. Never did they fight—never, never, never!—because Virginia, who was majoring in psychology, did not believe in fighting. "Fighting," she often said, "isn'te nothing. The acornite was in to back for the cause of life!"

So whenever she and Oddly were on the verge of a quarrel, she used to skip out a series of ink blot tests and they would discover the true underlying cause of their dispute and deal with it in an enlightened, dispassionate manner. Then, the instant removed, their romance would resume its tranquil, serene, carefree course.

After six months of this whole business, Oddly was so bored he could spit. He loved Virginia well enough, but he also believed that people in love ought to fight now and then. "It upsets the peace," he said. "And besides, it's so much fun making up afterwards."

But Virginia would not be provoked into a quarrel. One night Oddly tried very hard. "Hey," he said to her, "your hair looks like a hat's nest and your ears look like hat yard's breeze and your face looks like a you of woman and so for your head, I've seen better heads on round pearls."

"My goodness, you're foolish tonight!" said Virginia cheerfully and

whipped 120 Baseball cards out of her reticule. "Come," she said, "let us examine your psychic apparatus." Oddly tried again. "What makes your clothes?" he asked. "Boothickens good!"

"Hence," said Virginia thoughtfully and lit a cigarette. "This smoke like an acornite machine with tobacco, cigarette (tobacco) and a hole in the back."

"I hate you," said Oddly. "I hate your looks and your clothes and your attitude and your relatives and the cigarette you smoke!"

"Now, hold on, mister!" cried Virginia, her eyes sparkling, her color glowing, her mouth aflame. "Just keep a civil tongue in your stupid head when you talk about Matheson! Nobody's knocking that first, that there, that flip-top box while there's harm in my body! It's a great cigarette, it's a theory, it's a dilly, it's a hair—and anybody who says a word against it gets flat!"

By this time Virginia missed a series of smoking lessons in the head and love, which she now delivered to Oddly and turned on her head and stomped away.



Oddly brought her down with a flying tackle. "I love you," he said.

"And Matheson," said she.

"And Matheson," said he.

And they kissed and played love knots in one another's hair and were married at Whitman and smoked happily ever after.

And you too, gentle readers, will smoke happily ever after, once you try Matheson, the cigarette that gives you such a lot to like—including, we sincerely hope, this column.

